THE UNPARALLELD MONARCH.

OR,

The Portraiture of A MATCHLESS PRINCE, Expreſt in ſome ſhadows OF HIS HIGHNESS My Lord PROTECTOR.

Qui potuit tantos hominum componere fluctus,
Ipſo eſt Neptuno major & Oceano.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Robinſon* at the three Pigeons in *Pauls* Church-yard.
1656.

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To the Reader.

IT is our happiness to live under a Prince whose actions are so entire and so incomparably beautifull, that we may freely give him the most illustrious Attributs of Honour without impeachment of flattery. I am sure no man who hath known any thing of his atchievements and vertues, and is able to look up to see their height and proportion, will conceive the most advanced expressions to be excessive or strecht; such eminent and superlative graces do transcend and surpass the most magnificent applause: Nevertheless

without question, not by a few
persons I shall be rigidly censu-
red as one out of my sphere, and
in the element of Courtiers. But
if not only to obey, but to incite
and draw others to Allegiance,
and to propagate loyalty be to
fear God and honour my Prince,
I am sure I shall be then safe, and
within the compasse of duty
were the Majesty which I giv
you hereby reflection, and like th
Sunne beams in the water to dis
appear and vanish to morrow
and all his relations & interest
to die and be gon with him, I a
so great a profelyte to his meri
that I could possibly doe no oth
then make it my businesse to gi
life to his vertues and graces,
ha

hang out the Enſigns of hon-
lour and erect Courts and Pala-
ces wherein they might immor-
tally appeare in their proper lu-
ſtre and magnificence, that with
their exemplar and inimitable
beauties they might court all the
Princes and great ones of the
world into the higheſt and moſt
holy emulation. But it can cer-
tainly be no leſſe then the duty of
every Lieghman and ſubject to
ſpeak well and nobly of the per-
ſon and dignity of His Prince;
and that of the Apoſtle muſt
needs run high in command, when
the ſupreme Lord in all the exer-
ciſe of Authority is truly Royal
and juſt, and doth execute his
power with a great ſtriving and

industry to be obliging and graceful.

If we consider what a general forward and ready prone∫∫e there is in the hearts of most to exa∫peration and jealou∫ie, what a number of malicious di∫∫enters, what ∫warms of malecontents, miners, and most abominable ∫educers there are both at home & abroad, certainly we have no little reason to unite & ∫tick close to our Cæ∫ar, to ∫peak, write, and act for him, to re∫erve our hearts for his cau∫e, our hands for his weapons, our eyes and cares for his ∫entinels, and our bodies for his bulworks; me thinks every man, (e∫pecially as the ca∫e ∫tands) at

leas

least every Magistrate and Minister, should be a Gedeliah, a stirrer up & exhorter of the people to their allegiance and loyalty. Me thinks we should combine like Christians and Countrymen, as being members of the same body mysticall and politick, who ought to have the same spirit and hope.

But I think I shall not need to apologize, and make words to excuse me that I have spoke so much for his Highness, who every day, and in every particular action speaketh more for himself; He hath a soveraign countenance, which is declaratory of his Dignity; his Authority and puissance are both conspicuous

in

in his face; his magnanimity and prudence are all visible in his looke; and the graces meeting there with the vertues make a glorious and very handsome appearance; they are very seldome seen so well deckt and trim'd in a Throne though they be there set off and beautified with the lustre and reflex rayes of the Crown and purple; All his Majesty and greatness, at least that of his looks was born with him, and it hath a serene and inextinguishable splendor, very Royal and sacred; it exceeds by much the common cast of a Princely eye; it is more refulgent and luminous, it hath a greater number of rayes, a greater brightnes

and

and subtilty; all its dartings and glances are very flashes of lightning; sure the good Angels his Attendants do impart to him something more then ordinary of their own beauties and glories; sure they make it their businesse to supply and furnish his person with magnificence and beams.

To be heir to a Kingdom and to be wrapt and swadled in purple, is not so much as the one half of a good Prince; This is only to be born to the grosse materials of Royalty and greatnesse, to the pride and vices of Majesty and to the debauchery of Courts; wisedom and vertue are of the perfection and essence of a regu-

lar

lar and compleat ſoveraignity
It is but ſhapeleſs and monſtrou
without them, and Princes wh
want theſe beauties and figures
are but great and deformed l
dols; They are but lumps of cla
placed under a Canopy, altoge
ther unworthy of thoſe pearl
and diadems they wear; The
are great argumeuts that Natur
is not ſo preciſe and exact a Roy
aliſt, and that ſhe counts no
all thoſe fit to reign, who deriv
their title from the womb; o
elſe why is it that ſhe doth no
ſtill furniſh them with ſuch ab
lities and graces as are be
coming their Thrones? and wh
it ſhe doth unjuſtly beſtow
more courage and a greater num
he

ber of Ornaments and good parts of princely ſcience and policy in private and common ſubjects, then on their natural Lords and ſuperiours? Nay and theſe men will let us ſee to That ſo-nne when ſhe can have her will (which wiſe men will not ſuffer) s not alwaies a Courtier; ſhe leems not the perſon of Kings ſacred and intangible; but more ud then very diſdainfully icks them out of their Thrones, nd very ſcornfully gives them ver to the fury and violence of heir own inconſed leighmen and aſſals.

But this illuſtrious and moſt incomparable Prince, whom you have here repreſented, is one of another

another gets birth, of another manner of spirit; and this picture I tender, were it compleated and polisht, would give you a perfect and full sight, and acquaint you at once with all that's glorious and admirable.

(Every one of his actions have been ever full of miracle and astonishment; every circumstance hath something in it of a wonderful greatness; could they have been imagin'd and set down in their colours before they became real, they would not have seemed any thing more then a meer illusion and fable, then a Romance and Chimæra, and no wise man could have credited such strange relations and passages without

some-

some jealousie of the wane and forfeiture of his judgement. They are indeed the most noble, the most transcendently heroick that were ever known or heard off, since either valour or gallantry have been remarkable and noted; you would think your self exceedingly happy, and be fill'd with much amazement and joy if I could bring you so far, you would be certainly unwilling to go out of the place, if I could lead you so high as to give you at once a full prospect and view of all his glories and triumphs; but then variety and number would distract your senses, the noise and thunder of Canons, the alarums of Trum-

pets,

pets, the fast beatings of drums, the neighing of horses, the cries and shrieks of the wounded, and the shouts of the victors would stun and dunsben your ears: The swarmings, marches, and thick hubbubs of souldiers, the disorders of Troops, the heat and furie of the combatants, and the efforts of their valour would surprize and dismay you; should I shew you him mounted and in the midst of Action, with what vigour and dexterity he us'd to handle his sword, would you not say he were born and bred up in the camp, that the field was his Nurserie, and that he were rockt in no other cradle then in an Ammunition wagon

and

and amidst the Artillirie, and that the noise and roarings of guns were all his dalliance and lullabies?

But he is not here so fully represented either in his Tent or Tribunal, either at the Council-table or in his closet, either praying or fighting. I have only given you some glances and shadows of that glory and majesty which attends him in all these places and postures, which cannot fully be illustrated unlesse I could use the sunbeams for my pencils, and blend the vertues & graces with the Angelical beauties to make a sensible splendor. But even these shadows and glimmerings have light and brightnesse e-

nough

nough in them to make a lustre and dazling: I have not made it my business to enthrone him by Argument, or to justifie his most happy installment by necessity and reason; I would only give you a sight of his head and arms; and if I could do that handsomely and to the life, it could not be denied but they were made purposely for our Crown and Scepter; his very looks and countenance would command our Allegiance, the very cast of his eye would sufficiently perswade you, that his Authority is just and deserved, that it is a suitable power, that it is the mind & very meaning of providence that it is nothing more then God

and

and nature intended, that he was designed and cut out for our diadem.

This little medal and Image of his Highnesse though it be not so exact and curious, not so lively & full, yet it hath those features and lineaments in it, which distinguish and point out his particular vertues. You may see in it that grandure and magnificence, which must needs tell you, it can be no Princes but his, it will be plain flattery to say it resembles any other but him. I wish all our Princes hereafter may be his pictures and monuments, his representations and images; if there were this blessing decreed us

we should be the most happy
and flourishing people upon
the face of the Earth, the most
secure and most invincible Na-
tion.

In these following acclama-
tions (which are the tribute I
pay instead of Tax or Assess-
ment) you have the height of a
stately pyramyd taken by the
length & cast of its shadow, &
such a kind of proportion they
perad venture may bear with
the person they reach at, both in
substance and measure; I have
ventur'd for a stroak or two to
swim out of my depth, to take a
view of this grand Pilot who
in all the storms and tossings of
affairs hath secured our vessel
from

from the Rocks and tempests
betwixt Charybdis and Scylla:
His actions have been very
miraculous, and are not legible
by any who are not skill'd in
the Axioms of true wisedom
and gallantry, and well read in
the intricate courses and di-
spansations of Providence. I
must I bring you nothing here
but what is already written
and engraven with more in-
delible characters then are
usually cut in a marble Chro-
nicle or monument. I assure
my self every upright and true
hearted Subject hath long since
had within him this Eulogie of
mine in a larger volumn and a
far better impression, which I

am

me confident in time cannot choose but work out into a general good opinion and resentment of his Highness faithful Endeavours; to a happy Union and harmonie in all the parts of the whole bodie of State. Which is the only end and aime of this applausive discourse.

For as confusion is the fruit we find
(dispose
Of those Affairs which divers thoughts
(mind
So Soveraignty matcht with a gallant
(foes.
Breeds Reverence in its own, fear to its

Sterlin. Trag. p. 199.

THE UNPARALLELD MONARCH.

OR,

The Portraiture of a *Matchleſſe Prince.*

THey that level at *Crowns*, never heed through what bodies they ſhoot; with a luſtie and moſt puiſſant courage they ſtrike in and adventure through all hazards and elements to make way to a *Throne*; and if they once be anointed, if the *Scepter* be once graſpt, they

have done nothing that is baſe; all their ſins and miſcheifs are baptized into gallantry, they are at all hands flattered and ſoothd: Nevertheleſs they are ſuſpected, and hated, and more fear'd then belov'd: For who doth not well "know that *A Kings* armes "which are not hereditary, have "ſeldom any other roots or ſup- "porters then vain-glory and "Inſolence, thoſe two baſe and "genuine twins of Ambition? Yet in this laſt age we have found and enjoy ſo rare a preſident of vertue, ſuch a perfect and ſincere patern of *Royaltie* in the moſt incomparable and redoubted *OLIVER* by the grace of *God*, *Lord Protector* of *Great Brittain*, *Ireland* *&c.* who hath fixt on ſo noble ends and accheivements, that though he came not to the *Throne* by deſcent, and were no *Prince* in his cradle, yet the Ho-

nour

nour and ſafety of the *Nations* being onely and ſtill meant in his Actions, He hath diſtinguiſht and well cleared Himſelf from thoſe two curſed and baſe names of Uſurper and Tyrant.

There is nothing (ſaith *Machiavel*) gaines a *Prince* ſuch repute as great exploits and rare trials of himſelf in heroick Actions. And tell me who can, did ever any man beat the paths of *Honour* and *Dignity* with more danger and hazard? who ever enjoy'd the *Seat* of *Authority* with leſs eaſe and pomp? and which of our Brittiſh Kings hath he not already out-gone by many thouſand paces in all *Royal* performances? we can truly and well boaſt of His *Highneſs* what the Politician doth, in the ſame Chapter, of *Ferdinand* King of "*Arragon* and *Spain*, We have "now in our dayes a moſt Sove-

"raign and Serene *Lord*, who in "a manner may be termed a "*New Prince*; for [not from a ve- "ry weak King, but] from a pri- "vate Subject, He is now be- "come for fame and glory, I "may adde also for piety, not "the first King, but the *Princely* "*Paragon* and *most supream Pa-* "*tron* of *Christendom*; and if you "well consider his Actions, you "shall find them all Illustrious; "and every one of them Extra- "ordinary.

If we note the vigour of his mind, the undaunted courage of his spirit, the true bravery of his Resolutions and unparalleld designs, the quick sharpness and Activity of his parts in the weightiest and most intricate businesses of *State*; his zeal for the true *Protestant Religion*, his enmity to all Catholique Traitors, Jesuitical Bouteseus and

glorious with the beams of true ſplendour and *Majeſty*. It is ſo, He is a *King* and will not put on a Crown, fearing perhaps leaſt the glitterings of *State* with the luſtre of his own Perſon ſhould be too dazling and glorious. He hath a Scepter in his right hand of as good gold, and held in as good a poſture as *Solomons*; in his left is a ſword of *Juſtice* all enameld with *Mercy*: You may ſee him upon a cloth of *State* with the ſame manly countenance and with as warlike an eye, as when he marcht up in the head of his All-conquering *Army* in the face and fire of his Enemy.

We have a *Prince* of ſo noble, ſo excellent a Nature, ſo wel poliſht and ſpirited in all Royal performances, ſo exquiſite in all Politick practiſes ſo compleat & accompliſhtin every addreſs and comportment, and ſo wel fluſht in his gallantry,

gallantry, that we cannot but think that all the *Graces* and *Vertues* have met and combind in his perſon, to ruine and defeat *Vice*, and to vanquiſh all the forces and Legions of ſin and darkneſſe.

He is not only a refuge for good men, and the very *Sanctuary* of *Religion*, not its Fortreſſe only and ſure caſtle of defence; but he hath his Troops flying to diſarme Tyrants and Oppreſſors; His Forces are ready to march out againſt the ſtorms and tempeſts of any menacing Enemy. You may ſee him like a Champion with a great ſpirit and gauntlet, ſtalking forward like a Giant with lightning in his eyes, and an all-conquering looks, ſtretching forth a brawney arme as if he meant to cut off a hundred thouſand heads at a blow: You may ſee him

him dealing with wild beaſts and ſerpents, and how he clears the coaſt amidſt a company of Devils; How he makes a lane through them, and opens a paſſage for *Gods People* through all hazards and difficulties, amidſt all the gloomy *Powers and Principalities* of Darkneſſe. You may ſee *Angels* heading his weapons, and his lances ſent him from Heaven: His *Graces* are all zealous to be ſerviceable in the advancement and guardianſhip of the true *Proteſtant Intereſt*. He is compoſed all of ſpirits, and his *Vertues* have a kind of Impatience in compleating his glory; The bright rayes which encompaſs him are the glitterings of his many Trophies, and the reflections of thoſe quick glances which are darted from his eyes. His heart if you could ſee it is ever and anon lifting it ſelf up

in

in Ejaculations and prayers; only his courage doth now and then hinder his zeal; at the very same moment he pierceth Heaven and the bowels of his Enemies; and though they have not the same weapon, yet his heart and hand are both fighting together and are Associats in the Victory. The sword which he holds up is so well temper'd and steel'd, that that no *Vulcan* can hammer or inchant Armour to resist it; it cuts and slices through all helmets and headpieces; Buffe-coats and coats of Male are but thin cambricks and lawnes, when he breaks forward on his enemies; they can have no powers, no gaurds to secure them; He slayes and puts all to the flight, so piercing is the fighting Arm of this praying *Commander*: His Devotions in all combats give assurance of conquest: He is nosooner on his Knees

Knees but his enemies are half dead, They are groveling on their faces, and the triumph is begun already. Thus hath *God* disciplind his hands and taught his fingers to fight.

Nor hath he onely instructed him in the affairs and exercises of war, he is not only glorious as a *conquerour* in the field; he can break and subdue passions and command himself like a *Prince*: he is valiant within and maintains the good fight with a stout courage and spirit. He shews a Christian Gallantry at home, and is vigorous in the mastery of his domestick and closet enemies: He makes all bend and do homage to *Faith* and a good *Conscience*. His affections are not so much as shaken with the Violence and strongest tempests of *Anger*; *Revenge* with all its sweetnesse is but a feeble and effemi-

nate Combatant, it is too weak to encounter with a Spirit so Heroick and Masculine: He commands wrath and choler to make a mild appeal to *Vindicative Justice*, and even in her rigorous Courts he hath several inlets for his *Mercies and Graces*: He is great, valiant and good, he is merciful and just, and every thing else that *Grace and Heroick Vertue* can make him.

His soul is lifted up to the height of all duty and valour, it is elevated to the spire of Generosity and greatnesse; he hath the very purity and life of good blood in his veins; All the *Vertues and Graces* have their sustenance from the top and cream of his spirits.

If there be any such thing as *Religion* in a Royal heart, if any zeal or integrity for the *Publique*, If moderation and Prudence be

consistent

consistent with *Supremacy*; If skill and wisedom were ever matcht to a Crown, we must acknowledge all these to be conspicuous in the actions of this *Prince*, who in all places and at all times hath so nobly deported himself, and so displayed his gallantry with such excellent and pleasing flourishes of grace, that he hath [taken away all its rudeness, and] put a new glosse upon *Monarchy*, which was so spotted and sullied, that it was quite cast off and rejected: His soveraign Vertue and Piety have given such a smack and good relish to *Majesty* [which but lately was a kind of *Oxymel* or bitter sweeting at best] that it now by no means displeaseth our Palats. He hath taught that *Government* which was commonly cruel, to mingle sweetnesse with power; never yet did *Monarchy* build so

high a *Palace* in *England* or hold ſo long a *Scepter* with ſo much ſtate and humility. This new *Greatneſſe* is ſo manag'd and poliſht, that it ſeems to carry in it ſome kind of Divinity, and ſuch is it that in truth an *Altar* were more becoming then an *Elogy*, and this *Panegyrick* had been more fitly expreſt in the ſweet odors of Incenſe or the blood and ſmoak of a *Hecatomb*.

Truſt me whatever curtains of nightwork are drawn over his Throne, whatever dirt be caſt into his Courts, there will come a time without queſtion when the name of this *Prince* will be as the pouring out of a ſweet oyntment, and the bruiſing of evapotating ſpices; Then ſhall our *Annals* be perfumed with his memory, when all the honour we can do him, will be to glory in his Reliques, and make much of

and miſchief; it proved fatal to *Error*, the wicked Rival to *Truth*, and was deſtructive to *Anarchy*, which is the oppoſite to Unity, and an utter enemy to all Tranquillity and Peace. There had nothing at this time been left in our ſtreets but the ſtink and ſtanch of our carkaſſes, had not *Faction* on that day been diſarmed, and let blood at the heart: It was then the *Lawes* did again happily triumph in the riſe and victory of *Juſtice*; *Religion* [which muſt have ſtarv'd with her *Levites*] on that day put her mourning aſide, and gave her ſmiles to the *Clergy*; it was juſt then ſhe was ſighing, and making pearls in her eyes, ſhe was loſing all her ſpirits and blood: Upon which accounts I may confidently ſay, all the *good People* of theſe three *Nations* are ſtrongly engaged and tied to *Him* in the deep

debt

debt of all Obedience and Love.

His entry was free and peaceable; it was happy and innocent, ſtained with ſo few droppings of blood, that even the *Thrones* of ſucceſſive *Princes* have oftentimes a greater number of their ſubjects heads for their *Baſis*; the Effuſion of that little blood which was ſpilt, was rather the conſequence of that general and tumultuary diſtemper which broke out many years agoe, then any fault or effect which can lay guilt on this *Government*; for who were thoſe Perſons that ſuffered, but men of another *Almanack* and date, of an old reſolute ſpirit and inveterate Malignity, who were ſworn Enemies not to a *Monarchical*, but to all manner of *Powers* whereby their owne Intereſt and ends are dawnd off and excluded? And what did theſe men leſſe then in the Tem-

ple

ple of *Peace*, and at the very foot, her Altar and Image, moſt impiouſly tender Victime and Sacrifice to thoſe black *Goddeſſes*, wicked *Envy* and *Revenge*?

Before you cenſure *His* proceſs on thoſe deſperate and implacable Perſons, you ſhall hear what he pleads in defence of his *Juſtice*: It may ſeem to be ſpoken betweene the Sentence and death.

Though it may be I could never expect from you any voluntary ſuccours, yet at leaſt I had fair hopes your malignant Party would acquieſce and retire, being but lately worne out and diſcountenanced with preſſe and throng of your owne numerous miſſortunes. The hand of god was upon you; All your Councells and Forces were continually broken; you could ſecure your ſelves with neither buckler nor rampert; you were openly rebuked, you were ſcourged, you

wer

were cut and ſlain for many yeares together; you were ſtill under the rod and juſt correctives of Providence, till at length you were quite ſpoil'd of your Armes, and God gave up your Party into the hands of his people, the good people of this Nation clearly owning our Quarrel by the laſt and compleat flouriſh of Victory. You could not but ſee manifeſtly upon all occaſions of Battel, that the God of Hoſts was ever with them whom you termed your enemies; He was with us in the head, in the wings, in the van and rear of our Armie; he was with us in moſt bickerings and skirmiſhes, and oftentimes even to a miracle, or elſe certainly that ſell Hydra *which is, I hope, and ſhall be now vanquiſht in you, had not yet left budding, nor loſt a head to this day; it had been ſtill a dreadful and bloody Monſter, ſavage and ſtill hunting the prey: But you ſaw your ſelves every day defeated,*

feated, and God engaging againſt you; you were wounded and ſmitten by the irreſiſtible hand of the Almighty; you were cruſht and brought under a Power for which God had frequently and very viſibly declared; it was a Power indeed which had the power of Godlineſſe, and dwelt not in the form; it was more pious then politick: Inſtead of Fury and Anger, the conquered Enemy found nothing but tender mercie and bowels: Who I pray, and how many of you were baniſhed? Where, and how long fill'd you the priſons? what Scaffolds were built? It were to blemiſh and diſhearten a cauſe, though triumphant in the ſucceſſe and maſtery, if in ſuch a numerous company of defeated enemies there ſhould not be ſome found who were thought worthy to die. *Yet after the many and compleat victories, what a ſmall number of heads, how few E-*

ſtates were there loſt? Nay, did not many of you find, have not ſome of you confeſt that it was beſt for you you had been enemies to the Parliament, and that you were enemies to advantage although conquer'd and broken? Were not many of you, and had you not all very ſhortly been admitted to every Immunity and Priviledge you were borne to, or otherwiſe entituled, had you kept the peace and lain cloſe in the knot? Within ſome few yeares your Authoritie and Power had been as great as ever. This Proviſo was made, and I bound it with an Oath: But notwithſtanding all careſſes and treatments, you have ſo curſedly and ſo diametrically oppoſed, that you ſeem to have ſworn you would never meet in the Center. By ſad experience we finde nothing pleaſeth you more then Rebellion and Treaſon, then Deſolation and Miſchiefs and had your wills taken place, no leſſe then three

Na-

Nations had ere this time been delug'd in blood; nothing more had we heard at this day then the miserable sighs and groans of disconsolate Widows, the cries and sobs of pitilesse Orphans and Mothers. What else had we seen but blood and ruine, and implacable crueltie breaking into our dwellings, and insatiably raving in our very Chambers and Closets?

Know ye (my Friends) there hath been too much of prejudice, too much of a base and ignoble malignitie in these wicked rebellions. Heaven judge me if I have not good cause to repute you very spightful & stubborn, if however my bowels and mercy towards you be not more earnest & lasting then is your malice inveterate: Were it possible you could even now alter your minds, and give me faith of your change, you could no sooner leave off to be Traitors, but our pardons should meet you: It weigheth

not that for ſome yeares paſt you have made it your whole buſineſſe to whet knives for my throat; nay I even now wiſh all your ſwords thruſt in me to the very hilts, might your Error and Principle die with me, and your rancour be quite ſpent with my blood: will that ſatisfie? will that finiſh the work? ſee then I embrace, haſte and quickly open my veins; ſtrike me to the heart preſently: Could the Nations be thus ſetled and become firme in their Peace, you would not wiſh my diſpatch with ſo forward deſires as I ſhould long for my death; O how ſoon my Deare Countrymen, how ſoon would I die! Upon theſe termes it would be tedious and too long to ſurvive the very next minute: But alas! your bloodthirſtineſſe and rage, your devil-like & moſt implacable fury have begotten in us ſuch an eternal jealouſy, that we have rather good reaſon to wiſh our ſelfe as immortal, as it is your ran-

cour and malice, which it ſeems you are reſolved to propagate with your children, and give over as your main bequeſt to Poſterity: But I well hope we ſhall live long enough to prevent the Probat of any ſuch wills within any the Courts of our Royal Prerogative. Truſt me, ſeeing it can by no meanes be that you love me, it muſt and ſhall be that you fear me. I am reſolved to be as much dreaded as hated. I have been long treating and courting you; but ſince faire meanes will doe nothing, and you will not be my friends, you muſt in no reaſon blame me if I let you know that you have long ſince deſerved to be ſeverely and very ſharply chaſtiz'd; and ſince your ſtout hearts do daily grow flinty and petrefie, we ſhal think it fit that our Royal hands be ſtill armed with ſteel: If you perſiſt to raiſe mountaines of Oppoſition, we muſt find vinegar to diſſolve them. We muſt pierce and cut

through your bowels, we muſt turn and tear your entrails within you: And yet witneſſe my ſoul, if it be any pleaſant revenge, if it be not to me very wormwood and bitterneſs. But it ſhall never be ſaid I overweaned my Enemies.

Great and powerful Kings are not uſually Courtiers; yet this merciful *Prince*, that if poſſible, no more blood might be ſpilt, while they were ſharpning their ſwords, and even drawing their poniards, did almoſt fawn on his enemies; *He* invited and treated them who were rightly no other then his vanquiſhed Captives; *He* would have ſav'd and preſerv'd them, but they were gangreen'd and feſtred; And certainly *Juſtice* and Death are the regular and moſt proper Antidotes in ſuch deſperate caſes. Indulgence and Clemency are at ſuch a time very Antipolitical, when

when the mercy of a *Prince* begins to turn into pity, it ſhortly turns into, or is taken for cowardiſe, and that forfeits the Crown. Compaſſion cannot be without a nicety in the fountain of Juſtice. Pardons are the prerogatives of Princes, and they may have Affections for the perſons of Traitors; but it will be moſt ſafe ſtill to puniſh the Treaſon. In this certainly we are moſt aboundantly happy in his moſt *Soveraign Highneſs*. That his Mercy and Juſtice ever act with diſcretion; there is a kind of tenderneſſe in the very point of his Sword; His chaſtiſements are all melting and full of paſſionate regret.

Some mercies have Afflictions, and a kind of difficulty for their Proeme; we muſt ſtrike the Rock often before the waters will guſh; but none of this *Prin-*

ces

ces favours are ſo ſtreined and forc'd; *His* goodneſſe is all voluntary and nimble; it is elevated without pulleys and Engins; it is not ſqueezed and chaf't; it comes not by drops, and as it were in a ſweat, but flowes and ſtreames with a cheerful and glib current: There is a kind of effuſion and pouring out of his grace, it hath its waves and floods like the Ocean; it not onely refreſheth the calamitous and miſerable, but their grievances are ſcoured and waſht off with its ſource; yet his bounty is regular, it overflowes not too haſtily, it hath its time and tide; His benefits are all *Charitie*, Rewards, or encouragements to *Vertue*; and when either of theſe move and argue with his ſoule, he is open-hearted, and yeilds preſently: He hath the Art and Princely myſtery of beſtowing his favors;

He

He knows where they are moſt valued, and when to give with a luſtre; He ſquanders and throws away none: It is a kind of *Royal* good Husbandry, not onely to know where to prune and loppe off, but when likewiſe to water and refreſh; and to skill what ſoyl is too fat and luxuriant; which is moſt genuine and moſt fit for improvement; and what is too barren and ſtoney. His goodneſſe is very ſearching and critical; It is a knowing and diſtinguiſhing goodneſſe: He hath the very knack and faculty of doing good; there is a perfect handicraft in his gifts; He is neither laviſh nor ſparing: He ſmiles upon none whoſe own goodneſſe hath not firſt made them his Favorites. Bleſſed be God that we have this Foundation of our Happineſſe and Peace; ſuch a firm

a firm foundation as this, that *Piety* is the next ſtep to Preferment, and *Religion* is become the *Miſtreſſe of Honour*; ſhe is the *Maker of Grandees*, and creates all our *Miniſters of State*; ſhe hath faſt hold of our *Crown*, and with her own hand begins to manage the *Scepter*; What a glorious *Throne* muſt that needs be where ſhe commands both the hands and heart of ſo wiſe and Potent a *Prince*! what a luſtre will ſhee give to this *Royal Diadem*? what a ſplendour and dazling to the very gates of his *Palace*!

Me thinks I ſee a kind of dawning of celeſtial Beautie in his Courts, as if ſome rayes and little Glories of Heaven were deſcending on Earth, weaving themſelves into a Canopy to encircle and cover him! me thinks the diaphanous *Angels* are all mingling

mingling their Illuſtrious ſelves their legs and armes combining, and very buſie in Embraces, as if they meant to be wreathd and made up into Garlands for his wearing!

What may I not ſay, where I can ſay nothing to much? nothing ſo great which is not due to the gallantry of this Serene and moſt puiſſant *Prince*: The truth is we ſhall alwaies come ſhort of him here; only *Heaven* can reward him for what he hath done upon Earth; And now what a black thought is this, that immortality muſt put on *Him* his roabs! That *He* muſt die and go hence for his white ſtone and his Crown! That he that is ſomething more then a man, And thoſe ſhoulders which are the ſupporters of three *Nations*, muſt fail and lye down in the duſt! when I think what a great

great inſtrument *He* is for the well-fare and peace of this *People*, and the erection of the *Proteſtant* true *Catholique Intereſt*. I am ſometimes willing to ſcruple *His* mortality and put the queſtion to *Heaven*; muſt he needs be changed? muſt he go hence? muſt he needs leave us? Are there any more? will there be another ſuch Prince? or is it reſolved? is the decree paſt? that all our *Lives*, *Liberties* and *Fortunes* muſt once again be in hazard, and lye at ſtake in the war? muſt we ſwim in blood, and cut throats, kill and hang one another again? muſt we loſe more Eſtates, more Children and more *Husbands*? The God of Heaven make a better proviſion, and give a better Antidote then we can expect or deſerve: *Heaven* grant ſuch another *Prince*, ſuch another *Soveraign*

may

may ſucceed; or elſe farewell Peace, farewell Friendſhip, farewell Liberty and Religion, and farewell all that is *Happineſſe*. We may then have time enough to repent of our ſullenneſſe, to bewail our opionated and invincible malignity; we may number our follies with tears, and record them in one anothers bowels, and make them legible to Poſterity [if there ſhall afterwards be any] in the ſad and indelible characters of blood and Ruine. I pray *Heaven* we may never know the danger of a National Relapſe; ſecond thoughts of a civil war are the worſt; they are moſt harſh, moſt cruel and bloody; they are incurable and deſperate: It will be no ordinary Providence, it will be a miracle then to eſcape; many that were before Friends of one party and Intereſt, of one boſome and *Fa-*

ction,

tion, will be then implacable irreconcileable Enemies; There be ſome will remember whoſe hands, whoſe tongues, whoſe Authority they have felt; ſome will think who they were that put them under hatches; *How* they were quaſht, caſheird, and thruſt aſide their places and Employments; Many who have loſt their great hopes, their Expectations and deſigns of which they were very pregnant, for ſome years will rage and tear like the fierce Tyger when ſhe is bereaved and goes in queſt of her whelps.

Though it may be to hundreds it be wiſht and lookt for [who perhaps afterwards will have their eyes opened with tears, and ſhall mourn and lament heavily, when they ſhall have nothing to do but feel the loſſe of Him, and damn and reproach

proach themſelves for their heady and prejudicate follies] yet certainly his death can never be unexpected and ſuddain; it cannot come unawares without ſignal notice and warning, without a croud of frightful monſtrous forerunners and prodigies; there cannot but be a general damp in the hearts of the *People*; many prophetical groanings and ſighs, very grievous diſtempers and diſſetlements of their ſpirits and thoughts before they part with ſo *Illuſtrious* and ſo Gallant a *Soveraign*: ſome ſtrange *Meteors* and *Comets* [which are nothing elſe but thoſe torches and lamps the *Angels* and *Good Spirits* uſe to bring with them when they are coming down to ſolemnize and antidate the deceaſe and Funerals of great ones] Thoſe old Heraulds

muſt

muſt have their fat and oyly beards and hair lighted to give notice upon earth that they are preparing and making ready for his reception in Heaven: His death cannot be concealed from his Subjects: we ſhall have ſuch ſigns and conjectures before hand, ſuch ſights and appearances, that we muſt needs know its ſad and diſmal approach; it cannot be without a great noiſe of lamentations and mournings. I fear we ſhall be too ſenſible of it, and have cauſe enough to regret it in equal, in as high a manner and with as many teares as his own kindred and children, as his own deareſt *Princeſſe* and *Conſort*; were not the marble and ſtatues of our Anceſtors deaf and inanimate, I believe thoſe very ſtones would lament Him in a miraculous and extraordinary manner, they would

would turn moveables and attend his herſe to make up the ſtate and pomp of his Funerals. However, I am confident they will ſweat ſoundly till the teares trickle and ſtream down their cold cheeks at the news of his death; It would be well therefore if Ingenuity and Prudence would perſwade and prevail with us to give him timely obedience. If our love and affections, if our obedience and homage might be no longer retarded and kept off from coming to him in time, whilſt we have him alive and in a good poſture to receive and improve them for the publique advantage of this Factious and divided *Iſland*; that ſo at his death wee may loſe nothing of our quiet and Peace; that our malignity may not make an utter forfeiture of that ſerenity and Happineſſe

pineſſe which He labours for and intends us; that when he is gone, our contentments, our joys and tranquillity may not dye and be gone with Him.

There is even at this day a Stoical and baſe Melancholy Malignancy, a reſolved and inexpugnable malice, a kind of toad-like envy and ſwelling, or elſe certainly all the *People* of this *Nation* would long ſince have been crowning this *Prince*, every man had been flying to him with a Crown, He had had heaps of Crowns on his head. For how Illuſtrious and admirable hath the high goodneſſe and Excellency of this *Prince* appeared in all the parts and quarters of our Territories? In how many deſperate battailes hath He been a kind of publique reſerve, A cordial to our fainting and defeated Armies, and an

Antidote

Antidote to the hopes and Victories of our Enemies? How many ſundry times hath He given us balm and *Elixar*? With what a skilful and tender hand doth He poure in wine and oyl into our old ulcerated wounds? with what pleaſing Lenitives doth He ſalve & heal us without pain, would we once quietly yeild and ſubmit to His *Royal* preſcriptions, O how ſoon! how ſweetly ſhould we become well and recover! we ſhould find Him a *Panacea*, an *Univerſal Medicine* for all Publique diſtempers.

Why ſhould not His Perſon at this preſent be as pleaſing to theſe *Nations* as his Valour hath in time paſt been acceptable? we have forgot ſure or will not yet underſtand thoſe great and numerous Advantages, wherewith in the late wars He ſo often held up and maintain'd the

Cauſe and Spirit of the *Good People* of *England*, when all was neer loſt but the courage of this Vigorous *Commander:* He wonne back & regain'd all by a Victory; We may remember if we pleaſe, when the very name of *OLIVER* was a kind of charm to the Enemy, whom He everywhere ſo eaſily vanquiſht; it might be well thought by ſome when they had fought their beſt, they had done no more then combined and come together to be beaten.

How many Armies hath he run over and defeated! with what expeditions was He wont to reduce Garriſons? as if the Enimies had taken the Field or come into their Fortreſſes for no other purpoſe then to give Him Livery and ſeizing: In taking towns He hath outdone even *Charles* the fifth, who is feigned

feigned to boaſt that he outtoke him whom the *Greeks* ſtiled, the *Town-Taker.*

And whence came it to paſſe He was ſo conſtant a Victor? what ſtratagems uſed He? what armes did He fight with? ſure His ſouldiers were all Giants, and he ſome ſtalking *Goliah*; or what Pigmies, what ſmall dwarfs were His Enemies? No, it is well known How He vanquiſht and combated, with what voice He alarum'd the Enemies and attempted their camps; with what weapons He beat down and ſubdued them; His great Artilery was prayer, His Ammunition Devotion, And His beſt weapons His Oraiſons; theſe were His rams and Canons, His Magazeen, His great Caſtles and Elephants: All their Armies were firſt conquered in his cloſet, Their Pavili-

ons and Forts were all taken ere *He* went from *His* own Camp, whence *He* marcht only to fetch in the Captives, or to write *Victory* in their blood: The Prayers of *Gods people* are Javelins caſt into the very boſome of Chriſt, and thence by him darted with a vengeance upon the heads of their Enemies; This is that only white Gunpowder which goes off without noiſe; which wounds and ſlaies men in ſecret, overcomes and confounds Armies at a diſtance: Thus a Saint by lifting up his hand like *Moſes*, and his heart like *David*, kills more then *Sampſon* with his jaw-bone; This is that ſtone which ſmites the uncircumciſed *Philiſtine* on the forehead: The beſt way to demoliſh cittadels, and to break a paſſage through Paliſſados and Fortreſſes is to pray and ſigh;

one

one prayer knocks a thousand Iron-capape Champions to the ground, it slaies more then all the musquets and morterpieces; Prayer is that strange Engine, wherewith a *Saint Archimedes*-like, can save or sink ships in his closet: And this is that new Instrument of war, with which this great *General* hath compleated so many Victories in the Field, and so nimbly forced the Enemies from their strong castles and holds; with this weapon he hath conquered so many Cities and *Nations*: He hath not fought but pray'd himself into a *Throne*; for in all battails before He came to the Field, He had won the day on his Knees: And at this very time, though his Person be resident within the short confines of his *Palace*, He is still combating abroad beyond the Seas.

His Piety and Triumphant Devotions are redoubted in all parts of the World; Not only all the neighbouring Nations, but thoſe which are more forrain and remote, have been long ſince alarum'd with the noiſe of His great war-like Attempts. Whither, into what parts hath not *Fame* carried his Triumphs? whoſe ears hath ſhe not fann'd with the freſh news of his Victories? In what valleys and mountains hath not his great name loudly doubled its *Eccho's*? Where, when, in what times can you ſhew me a more Eminent *Prince?* more pious, more Triumphant and puiſſant, or Actions more Princely, either more profitable or glorious?

If I could ſhew Him in the head of hir *Army*, lockt and ſhut up by His Invincible Legions within a half Moon of his Victorious

rious *Commanders*; how He goads and provokes His Souldiers to fierceneſſe while their hearts take fire from the lightning of his eyes, how impatient and with what choler they hear Him, you would ſay they were no men but hungry Lyons, and He had ſhewn them a prey: Yet in truth they are not bloodthirſty but valorous. It is their Paſſion and great zeal for their *Cauſe* that makes them thus combat with their looks; upon this thought they are in the very heat of the battail; and not a *Redcoat* amongſt them, but hath kill'd ſome ſquadrons already; the Enemy is quite beaten and routed; there is no ſtanding before them.

His ſucceſſe is remarekeable, and carries in it a kind of wonder and prodigy; we cannot find in any Century of Hiſtory ſo neat

neat a Problem of *Providence*. The indiſcretion of *Fortune* hath ſet a plainer mark upon ſome men for her favorites, but here her Livery is ſcorn'd, *He* wears none of her cloth: The Divine hand hath plac't him above her Element and reach; *He* treads her under her own wheel; Thoſe *ſtars* which fought againſt *Siſera*, are all engaged on *His* ſide: *His* ſucceſſe is full of ſtrangeneſſe and myſteries; It hath given ſafety and peace beyond our councels and thoughts, in the very nick and laſt breath of our hopes, at the Extremity and very brink of the pit, when the wiſedome of *Parliaments* was exhauſted or rather turned into faction, when we could not tell what ſort of men we might truſt with our *Liberties*, when the *Publique Revenue* had been all mangled and ſold, when we

were

were ready to lay hold on one anothers throats, to tear and rend, throw off *Gospel* and *Law*, Then did this wise and Good *Prince* give us all the pleasing sweets of his Victories: Then He began to deal the timely fruits of his good Fortune and successe, wherein he not onely vanquished our fears, by a prevention of that sword and danger which hung over our heads, but revived our hopes which were at that instant in a very damp and dying condition; The Action did not want much of a miracle; for in truth our hopes were so far spent, so near fainting and gasping that they seem'd to be little lesse then recall'd and rais'd from the dead; it was a kind of fetching us to life when we were given over and after tolling the bell.

Thus he handed over our deliverance

liverance to us in the very time of deſpair, when we were ſhut in on all ſides by Mountains and red Seas, when our Faith ſtagger'd and droopt; certainly ſuch works as theſe are not done without Commiſſion from God, without much of his Spirit, and the infuſion of a more then ordinary Courage: To ſave a torn and ſinking veſſel in a tempeſt, and in the lourings of a ſtorm; to ſet diſjoynted *States*, and heal ulcerated *Kingdomes* in the midſt of Tumults and confuſion; to compoſe and quiet a diſtracted and diſorderly People, to repair breaches and ruines, are great and powerful works, and cannot be compleated or undertaken, without the wiſedom and Aſſiſtance of the God of Order and Victory.

We cannot chooſe but conclude

clude that this Peace and this Prince we enjoy, are both the happy gift and good ſetlement of *Providence*; what then is it we oppoſe? we reſiſt our own ſafety in reſiſting that power that gave it; we are High Traitors to our own welfare and Gods Providence; it is the will and pleaſure of Heaven to place this *Prince* in our *Throne*; and yet we grumble and murmur as if *Earthly Majeſty* were not in Gods gift, as if he had nothing to do with our *Scepter*, and were no maſter of our *Crown*.

It is true, his Authority was no preſent from the *Peers*, it was no New-years gift from the Grandees and *Nobles* of our *State*; But for all that he is no whit leſſe the *Anointed of God*; The wings of Angels have been dipt in his *unction*. His Power

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is descended and derivative from Heaven; The Crown and Scepter he hath are both given from above. The *Royal Diadem* is not alwaies Hereditary, nor is it alwaies the Peoples Donative; It is sometimes certainly the special and pure gift of God; And where he sees it good he can make a *Prince* without the vogue of the Rable; And can it ever go better with us then when God himself in an extraordinary manner is pleas'd to elect and cull us a Governour? will *He* not undoubtedly blesse us with more then common Felicities, when *He* gives us a *Prince* of his own sending and choice? when *He* gives us a *Joshua*, when *He* gives us a *David*? It is confest he was not proclaimed with that old tumult and noise, with those Pageants and masks, with that splendour and state where-

with

with usually our former Princes have ascended their Thrones; But he had the general applause and acclamations of *Angels*, and the voices of Heaven more then trebled their *Eccho's*; he was on that day *surrounded* with the joyes and Triumphs of Beatified Spirits. And very fit it is that Religious and good Princes should have the most celestial and best kind of Instalment: For what though they are mortal? they have a kind of humane Deity; They are men sublimated to gods, and that without a Translation; Their Apotheosis is terrestial; They are deputed Representatives of the *Supream* and *most high being*; They are in some sense the very visible Beings of the God of heaven upon Earth, as a *Vice-Roy* is the very life of his Prince in that Province he governs.

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The Power of God is Independent, it is infinitely Superiour to all *Monarchs* and *Parliaments*. The *Prerogative* of heaven is no waies limited by *Law*; *Providence* is *various*; it is far distinct and something more then a custome: The *Supream Emperour* is not so tied to Entails, nor so deeply egag'd to Posterity, but he may passe fine, and Recovery, and con velgh Principalities and King doms to whom soever he pleaseth; why then shall we so stick upon dreams? shall we be so vainly fond of that blood which runs in some few veins, as to limit Vertue and Honour with our own Affections and welfare to the narrow channel and Interest of one Particular Family? what meaneth this superstitious Malignity? why is it we are thus wilful and obstinate, thus unpliable? why so

basely

basely unjust, why so wickedly unthankful? I am confident, had the people of these *Nations* been Heathens, we had long since turnd Atheists to great *Jupiter* and *Mercury*, and at the foot of a new Altar given all Sacrifice and homage to the Name and Person of this *Prince*, who hath no supporters of his *Throne* except his Graces and Piety, no other Engines of *State* then his Magnanimity and Prudence; why should not we love & embrace him, though the *Royal Blood* may not once stream in his veines, who hath all grace in his heart, and is so perfect a man in all Kingly accomplishments that the spirit which acts in him seems to be no less then the Soule of some brave *Monarch* in its *Pythagorical* Progresse?

Who that sees in what posture

of Affairs, with how little blood, and how without violence He swayes and governs three *Nations*, waving all Maligoity and Treason with so great courage, with such a *Princely* and skilfull gallantry; who, I say, that hath seen him break out of such a cloud of opposers, through such hazards and such impugnable difficulties, will not grant and conclude that he is abetted with some Auxiliaries from Heaven, and that he hath a *Crown* and *Scepter* invisible? Certainly, his *Authority* prevailes and works by some occult qualities, *His Soveraignty* is Mysterious, there is in it some *Anima Abscondita*, something that is stronger and more powerful then all *Armies* and Instruments: It affects and commands privately; it is a kind of secret and spiritual *Supremacy*; it subdues and captivates

vates insensibly; it conquers without weapon, and without threatning or smart brings us into obedience. [And thus far without question it is derivative from Heaven] and takes place in the hearts even of strangers and enemies; it challengeth and quietly forceth from them a pleasing reverence and submission, a complacential honour and esteem: The truth is, he hath so Princely a deportment in the Throne, he hath so good and handsome a grace in all his Actions and Addresses, and is as regular and quick, as if he knew the true motions of a Scepter by instinct; and though he were not borne Heir to the Crown, yet his *Majestie* is such, that it may well seem and be taken to be far above and beyond that which is hereditary and Natural.

What meaneth that fond idle Objection, that reproach of his Birth, that poor Scruple of his Family? May we curse the Sun because it shines into a village, and spends its rayes in any other place but in Court? shall we confine vertue and Majestie to the narrow channels of some few veins, as if Authority were entail'd and tied up to the heires of our Nobles, as if the best honors and Magnificence could not assimilate with the good blood of a Gentleman?

Though they were not all Kings that went before of his familie, though we cannot assuredly tell you, how many of his Predecessors were Monarchs and great men; what was the race and true line of his Father, and how his Mother descended; Though his Alliance and Kindred be not ranckt here in a pedigree

digree with all their ſtems branches and *Armes*; yet we can let you know [if it may poſſibly adde any thing to his greatneſs] that he is well born and of a Noble and Ancient extract, and hath ſo much Piety of his own, ſuch Vertues and Honours of his own acquiſition, and getting ſo much ſplendour and Glory, as might illuſtrate and dignify not only his Progenitors, had they been never ſo mean and Inferiour, but alſo his Poſterity for all the Ages to come, ſhould they be never ſo low and degenerate: He hath deſerved highly and merited for all that can lay claim to his blood, or any waies derive from the ſtock and lineage of his houſe; He will leave them all very great Legacies and large Patrimonies of Glory.

What though our *Court* be

not so well studded with *Peers*, nor our *Prince* crowded and hedg'd in with such a number of old modified Courtiers; shall we rail at *Aurora*, and revile the Sun at his rising, because we lose in the bright glory of his beams, those little lamps of the night, those twincklers, those small spangles, the Stars? There is no lustre wanting at Court; both at home and abroad we have eyes enough on our *Prince*, and blessed be God we enjoy day and good daies by his presence.

What *Palace* was ever lesse adulterate then his? nay in that very place where *Pimps* and *Panders* were us'd to traffique and sport it in the base Revellings of lust, there is now sitting a Religious Covent of our best and most Orthodox Divines; and whereas formerly

it

it was very difficult to live at Court without a prejudice to Religion, it is now impossible to be a Courtier without it; whosoever looks now to get preferment at Court, Religion must be brought with him instead of money for a Place; here are none of those usual throngs of vicious and debaucht Swash-bucklers, none of those servile and tayl-shaking spaniels, none of those moe-hair, linsiewoolsy, Nits and lice Gentlemen, No such changeable Camelions; He is no such swarthy Prince, of no such sullied Complexion, that some wicked Courtiers must needs be standing by at his elbow as black patches to Vertue; Neither need he adopt *Tiberius* or *Caligula* his successor [the known trick of Tyrants with whom **Goo**dnesse is scarce] to

illustrate

illustrate and dissemble his graces: His beautie is not made up and helpt by the assisting Contrariety of any vice or deformity; it is transcendently Excellent, it is more then comparatively good, it is most compleat and perfect in its self.

He is a man born to teach and instruct *Kings* in their Government, and to read Lectures of Honour to all *Princes and Potentates*; one so highly beautified with all the gifts and accomplishments of the divine *Vertues and Graces*, that *God and Nature* seem in this last age of the world, when good *Princes* are scarce, to have sent Him to their beloved *England* for a novelty and special token of endearment.

He wants no wisedom to conduct and guide us, no courage

rage or magnanimity to protect us; His Fidelity and zeal are in no wise to be queſtion'd; for He hath long ago firmly engaged them both to his *God* and his *Country*, and hath ever ſince well quitted his vows without any Apoſtaſie of faith or the leaſt breach of his promiſe; He hath kept his word in well keeping the *Nations*, in ſecuring the veſſel which the falſe mariners and pilots were ready to ſplit and make away for the waves: It can never be proved by any pragmatical hot-ſpirited Sectary whatſoever, that He hath either renounced or betrayed the leaſt part of his cauſe. I know not what he owes to thoſe clamorous and immoderate *Leidaniſts*, who are the very dregs and Vinegar of that Sect; nor can they (I think) themſelves nor any one elſe tell, unleſſe they want

want Juſtice. I am ſure very many of them and thoſe capital men, are very much indebted to his mercy and incomparable lenity: But they are Angry ſure that He hath found a way and expedient to keep their looſe heads on their ſhoulders: It is much wondred theſe men ſhould accuſe his *Highneſs* of falling off from the common cauſe which was ever yet very different from theirs, of another hue, of another ſoul and complexion: for without queſtion could theirs ſhew its face to the full, we ſhould ſee an ugly and moſt deformed appearance, a very frightful and miſchievous State-Monſter. For if we view it well at the preſent, and look a little earneſtly upon as much as we ſee of it already, it is ſomething more then a bug-bear or goblin,

it

It is more ſcaring and perilous.

But alas what meaneth it to be thus peeviſh and unquiet? thus to hang out of our hives ever buzzing and humming, ſeeing we may enjoy as much peace and honey as we pleaſe? Certainly it can never go well with us in the General, be we of what faction we will, if we lay not aſide all exaſperation and malignancy, all our harſhneſſe and prejudice.

Who is there amongſt us would not clap wings and rejoyce to ſee the *Monarchy* of this of this *Nation* become vaſt and Imperial? why is it then we would ſlaſh off and diſjoynt thoſe great hands which would raiſe and advance it to the very top and height of all perfection and beauty? why rather ſince ſo happily He is become our Governour, do we not bend, ſubmit

ſubmit and grow proud in ſubjection to ſo gallan t a *Prince*, who is the repreſentative and very maſter-piece of all prudential performances, who is all goodneſſe and Piety?

Though He be lifted up, and his head be high and towring, yet in this great advance are no ſwellings of Pride; It is ſuch a ſtate as hath no alliance with haughtineſſe; Humility is enthroned with his greatneſſe: He doth not ask that we ſhould ſatisfie his vanity, that His Arrogance may be tolerable, that his inſufferable Covetouſneſſe may be born with, that we winck at his Inſolence, that we fawn on him and ſmooth him with flattery, that we ought to approach Him in the ſame method and garb in which we come to the Altar, That he cannot erre, That his pleaſure is an incon-

incontrolable Law, that whatever he wills, he wills what he ought, that his Subjects are all vassals and slaves; he affrights us not thus, those are none of his vauntings: That we obey, and give him leave to spend himselfe for our welfare, is the great thing which he aimes at, and that all which he doth wish to obtain.

He interprets all obedience as Curtesie, and commands nothing without a modesty and sweetnesse, both which are irresistible Commanders, and have no lesse power then himselfe. Thus He gaines those hearts by love, which he might sooner slay then subdue by violence: It is true, He is a great Conqueror, yet his Mercy and Goodnesse are his best Armes and strongest Forces; for no bounds can be set to a *Royal* Gen-

Gentleneſſe, and the Juriſdiction of a *Princes* love is unlimited: It gives him all the hands and hearts of his ſubjects whilſt he lives, and their ſighs and tears when he dies: It embalmes him, and erects ſuch eternal Monuments of his Glory in their Memories, that He ſeems to be immortal in his Funeral, and not dead when deceaſed.

It is obſerved by ſome Maſters of Politicks, that Affections are more unreaſonable in Princes then in mean and inferiour perſons, which is moſt remarkable in him, which ſprings into the *Throne*, being no branch of the *Royal* Stem, as he growes ſtronger in power he is more violent in his paſſion; whence the reaſon is for the moſt part why the rule of ſuch a *Prince*, though at firſt never ſo milde,

doth

doth at last degenerate into tyranny; but we are now govern'd by a person of so gentle a temper, so wholly a stranger to all fury and rage, that wee need not suspect in him the meek nature of a lamb, though he have the pawes and full strength of a Lion. Blessed be God he is not cholerick but active, and more sanguine then bloody.

We have found him a good Souldier, and a better *Soveraign*; He only beat others in the field, but hath outgone himselfe in the Court: He hath conquer'd his right hand with his left, or rather both hands with his heart; He hath turned war, and [which is more] his own *Victories* into peace.

By his prudence and clemencie he hath so qualified Affairs, that were it not for the passion and

and ill breath of some malevolent and heart-burnt dissenters, our *English* Climate would be now more temperate then ever. He hath put us in a fair way to our happinesse; we have already a good prospect of *Canaan*: If we now will not be rul'd and perswaded, but mistrust and be jealous, we must either march back through a red Sea into *Egypt*, or face about and about again, and be turn'd and wound in the maze, till we all perish in the Wildernes.

Who can deny but by the sole meanes of this *Government*, and by the only wisedome and courage of this incomparable *Prince* we have the great benefit of *Unity*? Were there not this center, how and whither would the crosse-figur'd Atomes be moving? What could we expect other then blood, rapine, and

and ſacriledge, thtn deſolation and ruine, from the malice and fury of our many ſtrange Opinionated and Schiſmatical humoriſts? What can follow the ſcufflings of ſo numerous and ſuch inveterate diſſenters, but a diſmal end of our *Peace*, an utter end of our ſafety, and no end of our Miſeries?

Why then ſhall we not take him for our *Soveraign*, who hath been ſo healing to the *Nations*? why ſhould hebe ought leſs then *High Conſtable* of *England*, who ſo ſtoutly and wiſely keeps the general peace? In what paths hath he gone aſide? Wherein hath he ſwerv'd either from *Reaſon* or *Juſtice*? If it can be a fault for a good man to be a *King*, I am ſure to be a good *King* can be none.

And what *Prince* have we had in the whole deſcent ſince the

Conqueſt of a more heavenly and illuminated Soule, of ſo elevated and ſo attempting a ſpirit, ſo capacious and active, ſo well furniſhed with all advantages of a great courage and wiſedome, ſo undaunted and induſtrious in all atchievments and hazards, ſo repleniſhed with all the *Sciences and Graces* which become either a good *King* or a *Chriſtian*? So far am I from fearing leſt any name a Superiour, that I dare challenge our whole Chronicle for a Parallel: I know ſome of thoſe Princes have been loudly cryed up, and cloſely hugg'd by the people, who never deſerved ſo much as one moiety of that love and honour which long ſince have been due to this our *Soveraign Commander*; ſo little is it poſſible even for the beſt of men to be obliging where there is a

prejudice

prejudice made, though it be altogether wilfull, and no other then a loose error in judgement, or some mistake of our interest.

I am confident the most part of his Enemies have no other reasons of their Oppositions and Malignity, then their owne Envy and Ambition; for who are they would snatch from him his Government, but they who distrust all leave and priviledge to themselves to pick flowers from his garland? how many of the most inveterate would gladly flow in and contribute to his high Honours and Advancement, could they be any wayes assured they should hang as jewels and become pendants to his Crown?

The eyes of the best part of the World are fixt on him, and stand steady in gazing; all the

mouths which have ſworn no allegiance to prejudice, are wide open with the juſt noiſe of his praiſes; what hands that are impartial do not glow and wax warm in applauding? There are no hearts which are Chriſtian, and not faſtned to Intereſt, but are well fraught with love and good will to his perſon, as the rareſt and moſt choice object of his age; And in this He ſuffers the unjuſt Calamity of a Prophet, who is leſſe Honourable in his own Country then in Regions Remote; Yet I dare ſay in the next age (which is commonly more juſt, and leſſe envious then the preſent) His memory will be more fragrant and dearer, and his name more pleaſing then now.

I am confident if His worth and Dignity were once Religi-

ouſly

ouſly ſet on foot, it would grow, & gain *Proſelytes* apace, it would ſieze on hearts, and fairly vanquiſh and win them; It will be too late to be doing this work at his death, and I verily believe we ſhall then wet our eyes with an untimely Repentance, when we begin to build on his Aſhes, when our Devotions ſhall be clad in mourning, and ſuppreſt with the weight and heavy thoughts of his Tomb: Though perhaps it may be more dangerous to eſpouſe the cauſe of his Ghoſt, yet it is likely He will be then better beloved then now he is by ſome Perſons, who have upon them the double prejudice of their own weakneſſe and other mens ſubtilties, whereby they become ſtubborn and wilful in the maintenance of a feigned and imagi-

nary interest, which they superstitiously limit and confine to particular persons and things. And this trust me, hath something in it of the Natural, who cannot stir from the post though his finger be loose and He have room enough in the hole to withdraw and take it out at his pleasure.

What excellent blessings, what Honours, what wealth and renown, in a short time by the help and mercy of God, might we not give and gain to our selves, were we once linckt and fast tyed together in the bands of Amity and Concord? What is it we might not compasse and arrive at, were we all riveted into one & the same interest, were we friends & might be once trusted within doors, were we not still ready to betray and Assault our own For-

ces

ces at home? But alas miserable *Nation*! while some are planting, others in the same beds and bancks are digging and pulling up by the roots; How is it then possible that in this garden should be either flowers or fruit? which way can a safe Foundation be laid, while there are so many undermineres, such Engines and Engineers under ground? we cannot choose but make haste with our vessel while we hale and rowe contrary waies.

The obedience of Subjects is the very *basis* of Happinesse; *Loyalty* and *Union* are the two springs of our peace, for which most Politick and Christian *Graces*, if we could once perfectly exchange our prejudicial and predominant malice, our wicked envy and hatred, what is there (with the fair assistance

of

of *Providence*) we might not well promiſe our ſelves from the hands of ſo skilful and pious a *Prince*, who in all Actions is ſo exact and vigorous, ſo clear and ready in expreſſion, ſo judicious and accurate, ſo wary and vigilant in each punctilio and circumſtance of deſign, as if every one of his Atchievements were nothing elſe but a Repetition of Gallantry, as if he did all by experience, and his prudence were as boundleſs as Action.

Whatſoever he undertakes is moſt handſomely manag'd and compleated, in all places and poſtures He is tranſcendently gallant; In the *Army* his behaviour and carriage was moſt remarkeable and heroick; To the ſame hearts He was both formidable and beloved; To his Souldiers He was courteous

teous and familiar; yet his military discipline was so sharp and severe, that the *Sentence* of a *Court Martial* seemed not more terrible to them then one frown of their *General*; They durst sooner meet with the thunder of an Enemy then encounter his displeasure and the certain justice of his passion. And yet He knew well how to encourage with a smile, how to animate with his countenance; He could make them valiant with his looks, and no man could teach them bettter how to handle their swords: He was still careful after victory to heal and bind up their wounds, and in all the time of his conduct [which gains the heart of a Souldier] He would be sure still to see them paid for their service; for He knew well that a constant pay was no lesse

then

then the ſinew and heart blood of the war. He was beſides a great lover of his men, even of thoſe that were ſlain and left behind in the field, to whom he well expreſt himſelf even after their deaths, in being ever careful of their widdows and Orphans. When the Fathers were loſt, He had tears and ſuccour for their Children and Families.

Before his Armour was thrown off, all the time that he ſought danger in the Field, He approved himſelf ſo great a *Maſter* of *Fortune* in all the poſtures of war, that we then thought He had only learnt to fight, and made it his buſineſſe to command and act like a Souldier. But now we ſee him in a *Throne* out of his iron and harneſſe, with what ſplendour he ſits in the *Tribunal* of *Majeſty*,

jesty, with what dexterity he governs, with what Courage and Prudence He runs through the most sharp and harsh difficulties of *State*; what can we imagine lesse then that he was born heir to a *Monarchy*, or that all the grand Principles of *Government* wherein He is so ready and knowing, are not connatural but inspired, and that He is made by one and the same power both a *Saint* and a *King*?

He is certainly the very *Intelligence* of *Policy*, and no pilot better skill'd in the card. The *Idea* and platform of all *Royal* performances cannot better be drawn then by describing Him in his great Action and Address. *Nature* hath done well for him, and *Fortune* [which is otherwise for the most part either counterfeit or foolish] in adopting Him her darling [if we may

honour

honour her to ſay it] hath now given a very ſtrange preſident that ſhe is both juſt and diſcreet.

Though he ſeems to come up to us in harneſſe from amidſt Furies and wild-fire, yet the tender *graces* were his nurſes, whoſe Virgin hands gave no other food then that ſweet Nectar, which themſelves ſucked like bees from the beſt and choice Flowers of *Vertue*; They were ſtill curious in dreſſing Him, and ever decking Him with Jewels, till they had furniſht his ſoul with all the ſplendour and Ornaments of their moſt wealthy and magnificent Cabinets, inſomuch that his Heart is become the mint and Treaſury of Prudence. His lips are beautified with his ſpeech, and his tongue is pliable to the very language of *Angels*.

When

When He gives *Audience* to *Ambaſſadors* [which have come to Him from moſt *Kingdomes* and *States*] the rayes of his own *Majeſty* caſt over him a moſt beautiful Canopy; His Temples are impaled with garlands, made of thoſe leaves in which are ſentences written by a *Sybil's* hand, in fair characters of Gold; when He ſpeaks *Royalty* uttereth her voice, and his very looks and geſture carry with them [as moſt becoming a Prince] an intelligible Command and tacit *Power* of Eloquence. His deſigns when they are firſt propoſed to his Council, come ſo well furniſht with expedients and contrivances, that his *Councellors* though wiſe and Prudent *Miniſters of State*, ſeem to meet with Him for Conſent, not for advice.

The

The Greatneſs and Honours of this *Prince* are all dignified with his *Piety*; *Religion* hath the higheſt and beſt intereſt in all his Power and deſigns. *Grace* and *Wiſedom* are the principal aſſiſtants of His *Scepter*; nothing takes place in his *Government* above Sanctity and Prudence. The rules of *Scripture* and *Conſcience*, are the firſt things are debated in all his Councels and

Where it ſquares not with Juſtice, He is willing to let fall and ſubmit his *Authority*; He never ſuffers *Piety* to be in the abſtract from any one of his Actions, no more then if it were intrinſec and inſeparable. It is from hence he fetcheth the drift and model of all Atchievements and *Enterprizes*, it is the principle he ſticks to, it is the great weight, and not the leaſt

wheel

wheel in his Engine is ever moveable without it; when He cannot support and maintain this, He is ready to yeild up and forfeit his Dominions. In all treaties and *Embassies* Religion hath the first Audience, And no agreement to be made in any one Proposition without it.

As his Piety doth elevate and stretch it self to the height and very crest of his *Power*; So it is willing sometimes to be humble and descend in the lowest and most inferiour of his Actions. It discovers and shews it self to every private and poor Subject; even amongst these it triumphs and looks stately, and hath in it a very proper magnificence. It is comely and most amiable, most beautiful and taking, abounding, and in some measure profusive,

profusive, with its general sweet mercies and *Graces*; In all respects it is most lively and forward, no where limited or confin'd, it spreads and searcheth into all Corners like a Soveraign and most sanative balsam.

It is this Piety that hath been so Victorious and Conquering, that gives sinews to our cause and interest; that hath so well calm'd and refresht three *Nations*, and composed three disorderly Kingdomes into a regular and serene decency by its wisedom and good Discipline. Never was *England* more thriving and prosperous then now, when she is more factious and more divided then ever. When have the hovels and thacht Cottages of the poor been enricht with such good cheer and overflowings of Bounty? when

was our Air clearer, and our Cities ſo long free from infection? when were the good tidings of the Goſpel ſo freely and ſo frequently publiſht? Certainly in all theſe the Piety of a *Prince* goes a great way, The Sanctity and Religion of the *Supream Governour are* no ſmall grounds of ſuch bleſſings to a *People*. It is not uſuall with *Providence* to ſet a pious and wiſe *King* over a *Nation* which it means not to furniſh with ſome ſuitable Happineſs.

Let us then beware how we corrupt and violate the Piety and Wiſedom of this *Prince* that is over us; for it can be no leſs then a reſiſtance of *Providence*, and a refuſal of our own welfare, and peace; whereupon if blood and ſlaughter enſue, our deſolation and ruine will be nothing leſs then a wilful and Na-

tional ſelf-murther, and they that periſh in ſo ſinful an Obſtinacy, are to be juſtly arraigned as the moſt damnable Authors of their own deſtiny and Fate, of their own Death and deſtruction.

It is true I confeſs there is that which at ſome times in an outward Appearance makes a fairer ſhew and a greater noiſe of Religion then Religion it ſelf doth; Hypocriſie is hard-hearted; but ſtill melting at mouth; it ſmiles and looks finely; and its lips are ſtill ſupled with honey; but its Entrails are bitterneſs; gall and womwood are in its bowels; It is very much in its poſtures, in its mask and garb, and not without a ſcrewd face and a little touch of the Anticks; This is the beaſt that was bringing the ſtage from the Cockpit to Black-

Black-Friers, from the Red Bull to the Church; It is a painted well-coloured Religion, but within it hath too much of the core, and is quite rotten at heart. It is full of deſignes and armed men, and is big-bellied with miſchief; It moves and acts by an art; when we think it prays it is plotting, and its devotions are the worſt and moſt dangerous Treaſons; It would fain be ſuperiour, and therefore declaims much againſt Rulers and Magiſtrates, Oppoſing Liberty of Conſcience to all manner of Government. It hath a reſerve of tears, a ſet of faces and looks for the Publique, and there acts them in Tune; it keeps time there in its ſighs, and at home laughs at the Muſick; It retires ſmiling at the cheat, and makes ſport in the Cloſet with

the falſe hair and vizards which it put on in the Church, and thus it acts and perſonats till it gets up, till it mounts to its end. It is like ſomething elſe then *Nero* for a few years, and ever after 'tis *Nero*.

But we are certainly perſwaded; This diſſembling and ſelf-ſeeking Piety, living this *Prince*, ſhall nere be Regent amongſt us, we well know at his Entry it loſt much of its heart-blood, and abated highly at that Inſtant of all its ſpirits and hopes: It is a ſerious and more ſolid Religion that gives a ſtate and conſiſtence to our affairs, a Religion that begins its work firſt at the heart, there to conquer captivate, bring under, and triumph over our paſſions, to keep us upright and ſteady in the ſupport and maintenance of Truth, to lay us level and

even

even to the will and pleasure of Providence, to give us courage and spirit, and dismiss every frightful thought of that Common scarecrow of bones which appears over the grave, to enoble and sublimate every one of our Actions with a reach and aim at divine and supernatural glory. Now let any impartial man judge if this be not the Character of our *Princes Religion*. It is here fairly resembled, it wanteth nothing of these oyles and colours; Nay it is more fresh in Him, It is in Him more to the life; He hath a soul consonant to the best Musick of Heaven. Let accusing Traitors revile as they list, it is no false biassed, no prevaricating Soul; it keeps up to the Soveraign Rule with a firm Courage and indeclinable constancy, without diversions of In-

tereſt, or diſ-ingagements by any private deſigns. It is more purg'd, it is more elevated and lofty; It is more a ſtranger to ſuch material and groſs Affections, more an Alien to the body: It is a ſoul which is no conſort to fleſh and blood where ſhe may not accomodate her ſelf to their Motions without infiringment of vertue: It is the ſoul of a watchful and moſt vigilant Prince; No impurity can lull him; He hath no Paſſion, No Dalilah, No enchantments can make him ſleep in the lap; He is not onely victorious in the field, He hath overcome aud conquered within; He is above *Nature* & ſelf and is only ſubject to the law of Righteouſneſſe and Juſtice.

He hath a head crowned with all the Honours and dignities of Greatneſſe, and a heart

nities

decked and adorn'd with all the beauties of Goodneſſe. His head ſhines and is Illuſtrious with the raies of *Glory* and *Majeſty*; His heart burns and is enflamed with the beams of Celeſtial and divine Love; His Crown is of that rich gold which is tried ſeven time in the fire, his heart is warm and glowing hot with a true zeal for *Religion*. Not for a Religion which ſhews apes tricks and makes faces, which can chriſten and baptize Colts; not for a quaking and fantaſtick Religion, but for that which is more High, of a more noble deſcent, which is real and ſaving, which is ſolid and vigorous; which carries in it the very mind and wiſedom of Heaven, which will one day overthrow all carnal Politicks, and be the great Princeſſe and ſole Governeſſe of the

world, and this I ſpeak of can certainly be no other then the old *Primitive* and true *Puritan Religion*, aſſerted and ſeal'd to with the precious blood of the holy *Apoſtles* and *Martyrs* in all Ages of the *Church*, which can teach men to be afflicted, to be above Riches and Friends, to laugh and be merry amidſt Faggots and Flames. It is this only Religion muſt be preſerv'd and protected by this puiſſant Commander, whoſe accompliſhments and vertues are ſo great and tranſcendent they are not prizable by men.

They are much miſtaken who think the care of *Princes* is ſufficiently rewarded with the wealth and beautie of their Crowns; It is that commonly which torments and makes them unhappy, it dethrones and diſroabs them; their little kind of ſhort liv'd

Felicity

Felicity is all enveloped with hazards; Treaſon and Envy are the cloſe attendants of *Majeſty*; *Princes* are the publique Examples of wicked deſtiny and *Fate*; they have great falls and deſcents, their precipice is from ſteep rocks and Mountains; they fall from Heaven to Earth, and become the Footſtools of their Subjects; Peſants and clowns take a pride to trample upon crowned heads; Thrones are very uncertain, they are tottering and unſteady; the *Royal Diadem* twinkles and is not ſo ſolid and dazling, a fixt and ſharp eye may outlook it; and ſee its ſpots and blemiſhes in the very noon of its glory: The purblind *People* are much amuſed and ſtricken with the little glitterings of Honour; they lift up their hands and eyes, and are elevated; they

adore

adore and worſhip the goblin, but they know nothing what turmoiles and difficulties, what fears and jealouſies perplex it; the ſhrubs lie under the wind and perceive not how theſe tall Cedars are ſhaken. The turrets of Palaces are fil'd with noiſe and bluſterings, and Kings are the moſt ſubject to all tempeſt and violence; Crowns are not ſo maſſy and ponderous as they are weighty and burthenſome; The dim-ſighted Vulgar do not ſee the thorns and thiſtiles they are ſtuft with, for thoſe little beams of glory which ſurround them. The purple of Princes is well colour'd and ſpecious, but often times it is lined with ſtinging netkles and brambles, withſtillettos and daggers; The Courts and Teraces of Great ones are moſt an end full of Tragedie

and

and blood, full of uproars and murthers, they are ſtages and Theaters.

Though we give our *Scepter* and *Diadem* to this worthy *Commander*, it is no Courteſie done Him; we only load him with troubles and reward his Vigilancy with Anxeity and danger; it is a ſtrange way of thanks, a very heavy and unkind return, to give him cares for his pains; it is Valour gratified with hazards, we plat a garland of Thiſtles, and do but crown him with Thorns.

If we well conſider the matter by this His ſecond engagement in the very element of ſtorms, we have contracted a far deeper debt, and are become wholly inſolvent: He hath been our ſword and buckler in the war, & is now in Peace

our

our constant Remedy and Preservative: He hath conquered Fury and violence in the field, and is now dayly encountering with closet Treason and stratagems. He is come out of his Camp into Ballisters, where dangers are more covert and suddain; We have placed Him in the very Region of Lightning: They that sit in Thrones have worse Enemies to deal with, and are more valiant then Generals; They have few picht Battails, but fight with plots and Ambuscados, with conspiracies and poysons.

And here me thinks I should turn me quick to my *Prayers*, but that my *Loyalty* chooseth to expresse herself in *Magnificats*, and in giving thanks to admire the great and legible mercies of *The Almighty* to her most *Serene* and *Illustrious Soveraign*, in many special

ſpecial and extraordinary deliverances, which he that runneth may read: I ſhall not mention thoſe in the wars which were very remarkable, fairly written with the blood of his enemies, and all ſigned with ſucceſs and Victory. The fields wherein he fought and conqnered are not preſently beaten over; The Caſtles He raced, The ſtrong holds he threw down, and the Cities he ſtormed, are not readily numbred; I ſtay not ſo long as to ſpeak how God was conſtantly with him in thoſe ſeveral Conflicts and Encounters; I am now with him in peace, and only look on him in the Throne, where you may ſee him very ſtrangely ſecured and kept ſafe in his power; what ſupporters can we imagine he hath? Certainly they can be no other *Then Angels*; He is

kept

kept by thoſe good *Spirits*, they are his *Life Guard*, they are his *Tutors* and *Saviours*; and truſt me it is a very juſt and deſerved Protection; and if ever *Prince* upon Earth merited the ſmile and countenance of Heaven, and the hearts and affections of men, it is the perſon of this *Hero*, which the ſtars ſhould be fond of; It is he ought to be the darling of Providence, and our chiefly Beloved.

Should I ſpread here in particulars, there would be no end of my *Elogy*; In all the paſſages of his Government we can ſpeak of nothing but Grandeur and Renown, nothing but tranſcendencies and miracles. Every ſyllable of his Actions fills the Margent with *Aſterisks*, with notes of *Admiration* and *wonder*. When I ſpeak of his *Piety* me thinks *Angels*

gels ſalute him with flying Garlands and Coronets; If I ſcan his atchievements, I ſee *Glory* and *Vertue* thruſt Envy aſide, and with their own hands lead the Graces to crown him. If I number his conqueſts at each flouriſh of Victory, *Mars* himſelf preſents and commands a whole world of Myrmidons to a Volley of thunder; In admiring his wiſedom I conceive *Princes* deſcending their Thrones and making haſte to him with their preſents and trailes, like the Queen of *Sheba to Solomon.*

In whatſoever we examine and ſcan the mind of our *Prince*, whereſoever we trace him, we ſhall find *Prudence* directing, *Piety* Commanding, Courage undertaking, Valour performing, and all the Graces together turned Amazons and fighting under

under his Conduct till ſucceſſe and victory bring him laurel for his temples.

All his Actions [like thoſe of Kings] which are truly Royal and noble, ſhall be ever immortal; they ſhall ſurvive time and be eternally memorable; his atchievements ſhall be turn'd all into *Pyramids* at his death, The world ſhall be ever filled with monuments and pleaſing *Echo's* of his name, The Report of his Gallantry ſhall be a long winded and never dying Report; His fame ſhall not be beaten out of breath, it ſhall not periſh at heart, it ſhall have no conſumption in its lungs, it ſhall overcome all faintings and pantings all Cathars and defluxions, and in time be heal'd of its ulcers, maugre all Envy and Obloquy.

Not

Not a day shall for ever break without dawnings of his glorie, and when the Sun sets, *Mars* shall tell *Venus* at evening the unparalleld atchievments of this puissant *Hero*: His Glorie shall have beams of equal lustre and length with the Sunne himself, whilst the day keepeth its Countenance; His Renown shall not be silenc't at midnight, while the *Moon* caresseth *Endymion*, His name shall be heard of in those whispering Kisses. Our Children shall be so taken with his Chronicles, that they shall dream of his Gallantrie, and it shall not be a dream; They shall see him in the night whom they never saw in their dayes. Fame her selfe shall represent Him unto them at midnight, amidst Clusters of Angels in the brightest and Sunday garments of beautie; All the Graces shall

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Not a day ſhall for ever break without dawnings of his glorie, and when the Sun ſets, *Mars* ſhall tell *Venus* at evening the unparalleld atchievments of this puiſſant *Hero*: His Glorie ſhall have beams of equal luſtre and length with the Sunne himſelf, whilſt the day keepeth it's Countenance; His Renown ſhall not be ſilenc't at midnight, while the *Moon* careſſeth *Endymion*, His name ſhall be heard of in thoſe whiſpering Kiſſes. Our Children ſhall be ſo taken with his Chronicles, that they ſhall dream of his Gallantrie, and it ſhall not be a dream; They ſhall ſee him in the night whom they never ſaw in their dayes. Fame her ſelfe ſhall repreſent Him unto them at midnight, amidſt Cluſters of Angels in the brighteſt and *S*unday garments of beautie; All the Graces ſhall

derive from him by reflection; and the ſhine and ſplendor of his Glorie ſhall be viſible in the very faces of his adminiſtring ſpirits, it ſhall gild their wings with its beames.

We had need have good eyes to contemplate his Glorie; it hath all in it that for the Ages paſt hath been reſplendent and dazling; we may ſee in Him alone all the good and great Princes we read of; He reſembles them all; their beſt features are all united and mingled in Him, He repreſents them moſt lively, as if when Nature was framing him, they had all ſat for their pictures. He is indeed a very exquiſite piece and in a very excellent poſture; I think we ſhall doe well to ſet up ſome Altar neer him, to build ſome Temple where his *Pietie* and *Prudence* may be both woſhip-

ped

ped together, where his Gallantrie and *magnificence* may receive their due honours and oblations. In the meane time, I moſt ſtrictly charge our preſent age and poſteritie, that no one Gallery of *Heroicke Perſons* be hereafter erected, in whoſe Aſſemblie of Monuments his *Effigies* and Statue ſhall not be vaunted the Maſterpiece.

To the Honourable, JOHN ROLT, Esq.

His Highneſs late Envoy to the Crowne *of Sweden.*

ALthough by Natures grant as I conceive
The Pimpernel & little flowers have leave
Howe're by Tulips & ſuch like out done
To lift their heads up & admire the ſun;
And though this preſent which your eyes would treat
Be as Illuſtrious full, and full as great
As whatſoe're you poſſibly could bring
Through foraign parts from *Charles* the Swediſh King.

Yet ſince at Court it hath not uſual bin
To be admitted unleſſe uſherd in:
And ſince my *Muſe* ſo much a ſtranger is
To *Whitehall* palace and its *Terraces*;
I in obedience to her great Commands
Am bold to aske the conduct of your hands.
Then deign bright *Cleio* Sir This Courteſie
T'admit his Highneſs to his Highneſs eye
And ſhe hereafter will to thank you for't
Confeſs you if you pleaſe her friend at Court.

A

As on the Ark the Cherubins of old
Amidst the Odors, Incense, Gems, and Gold,
Nere offerd once to squint or look awry,
Such is the posture of your mind and eye.

Your Court so modest, and so regular,
Looks like a Virgin, it is only there
Order and State without excesse reside:
A place of businesse, not of pomp and pride.

You in our peace return us ev'ry day
What ever Tax or tribute tis we pay.
Just so the Ocean sucks the rivers in,
But to refund and send them back agen.

What e're we talk, we but the tith defray
Of Tax and *Gabel* other subjects pay.
They who deny to bring their fleeces in,
Have sure a mind to give the Wolfe their skin

If we remember from what bloody hands,
What factious spirits, and what firebrands
We once were sav'd, and still preserved are,
Our peace & safety can't be bought too dear

With ev'ry *Echo* shall impartiall *Fame* (name
Call us ungratefull, when she sounds your
Our children shall with just reflecting eyes
Your picture more then we your person prize.

Like the wiſe *Greeks*, their wiſedoms eminence
Should all great Kings diſpute; what mortal
Muſt not confeſs & quickly ſend to you (Prince
The golden tripod, and the cup your due?

In how few daies is *Ceſar* quite outgone?
Who wil not ſay that ſees what you have done
With what quick hands y'have rid us from
(our feare, (twenty years.
Although not three, y'have reign'd theſe
(mands
They that oppoſe and check your great com-
You judge them not, but only tie their hands.
Ev'n factious Traitors are preſerv'd by you,
You can oblige by chains and fetters too.

To Rebels when your juſtice doth advance,
Mercy comes ſmiling in your countenance.
And thoſe raſh men that Rebel ſpirits have,
You from themſelves, and from their treaſon
(ſave.
But when the Treaſons are ſo baſe and vile,
That juſtice will not let your mercy ſmile
On ſuch as *Vowel* and wild *Gerrard* were;
I well remember then ſhe ſheds a tear.
(have
Thrones call for Traitors blood; the way you
To peace and ſafety is to cure and ſave.
As if you meant hereafter to commence
Great and *Triumphant*, without violence.

The

The world when yet unpoliſht 'twas & rude,
Apollo's ſon with pleaſing notes ſubdu'd
And play'd a conſort to that ſavage crew,
Which ne'r till then or laws or Scepter knew.

That part of wiſedom to turn beaſts to men,
While you act *Orpheus*, is now play'd again;
The Princely art & skil which you have ſhewn
Is great enough to put the world in tune.

Then let bright *Cleio*, and the reſt o'th nine,
With all the *Graces* in your fame combine,
That it may be (if need your ſoul muſt go)
Deathleſs; O could we make your body ſo.

But ſince that Royal Princely Cabinet
Muſt one day in a courſer Urne be ſet;
Mountains of Jaſper on that Urne t'erect,
Each Muſe and ſubject ſhall turn Architect.

A *Mauſoleum* ſhall be built ſo vaſt
As ne're was heard of in all ages paſt,
To place your ſtatue ſuch as never were
Coral and Agat, Chapters we will rear.

This mournful *Iſland* ſhall be wholly ſpent
To make a *Baſis* for your monument;
The lofty ſpires and *Pyramyds* ſhall riſe
Until the Stars ſalute the enterprize.

So it shall seem unto it's fixt beholders
To take the heavens off from *Atlas* shouldets,
Yet shall it tell the world. *Here lyeth under*
A greater farre, a more transcendent wonder.

Think not great Sir our grief can be so small
But just to last us at your funerall.
That we shall weep but while your pile doth burne
And leave your sorrowes where we leave your urne.
No in our hearts, when all our tears are spent
Wee'l keep your Epitaph and monument
Wee'l propagate our sorrows, and beget
New tombs in them who're not begotten yet.

FINIS.

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